

EXTRA
TRIED TO DIE.Dr. Kniffin Makes Two
Desperate Attempts
to End His Life

WITH RAZOR AND POISON.

Significant Caution to Miss Purcell
Not to "Give Him Away."Inquest Postponed to Wednesday—
The Dead Woman's Funeral
To-Morrow.

Suicide is confession.

TRENTON, N. J., Jan. 6.—This city was

treated to a fresh and startling sensation this morning when it was learned that Dentist Arthur S. Kniffin had attempted suicide by cutting his throat and by swallowing poison.

Since his return from Broadway, after the murder of his wife became known, he has been kept under constant surveillance by the police at his home, 206 South Broad street.

The noise of violent vomiting in his room attracted the attention of Miss Purcell's brother a few minutes after 4 o'clock this morning.

Purcell occupied a room adjoining that of Dr. Kniffin. He rushed into the dentist's chamber and found Kniffin, partially disrobed, sitting on the bed with his head in his hands.

Blood was spouting from a great gash in his neck. The bedclothes and sheet were crimson with gore.

A blood stained razor, opened, was lying on a pillow, where the desperate dentist had thrown it after drawing it across his throat. On the floor at his feet was a one-ounce bottle that had contained acetic.

Kniffin was retching violently. The room was in the greatest disorder, the gas turned on, and from the appearance of the bed it seemed as though the man had not retired at all last night.

"My God, Arthur, why did you do this thing?" asked Mr. Purcell.

"I'm tired of this thing," replied Kniffin, the gas in his throat making the sound of his voice hoarse and fearful to hear.

Mr. Purcell laid him down on the bed, and the commotion in the room had by this time attracted the attention of other inmates of the house, and they hurriedly summoned Dr. Shepard and Cooper, the nearest physicians. They succeeded in staunching the flow of blood from the wound in the dentist's throat, but he was very weak. His condition is critical, but the doctors hope to save his life.

While binding the wounded throat Dr. Cooper, who is a close friend of the Kniffin family, and who has been their next door neighbor for years, asked:

"What is the matter, Kniffin? Why do you want to die?"

"I think it is better so. I hope I will die, and if I don't succeed now—that I will be no matter. Look at the prospect before me. What will become of me?"

"What do you mean? You have friends who believe in you," returned Dr. Cooper.

"No, I haven't. They have all gone back on me. All gone back on me," wailed Kniffin despondently.

Dr. Cooper then picked up the empty bottle from the floor and asked: "What was in this?"

"Acetic," answered his patient.

This is a deadly poison if not a sufficient quantity is taken; but the bottle held one ounce, and once once is an overdose.

"Was the bottle full? Did you swallow it all?" asked the physician.

"Yes, every drop of it. I was afraid of the knife," returned Kniffin, and to this he probably owes his life. The overdose of poison turned his stomach and caused him to vomit it up again, thus averting the attention of the others in the house before he died.

Kniffin's throat pained him so that it became difficult for him to breathe, and the doctors, fearing the effect of a further cross-examination, did not question him any more. Subsequently Doctor Cooper was seen by The Evening World reporter, who asked him what his opinion was of the case. He has been one of Kniffin's staunchest champions, and has always argued earnestly against any suspicion that Kniffin might have had a hand in the death of his wife. This morning he did not seem to outward appearance at least, so sanguine.

"It is a terrible affair—the attempted



DR. KNIFFIN.

CORONER ROYER.

THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.

THE KNIFFIN RESIDENCE.

TOWN OF THE CROWNED JURY.

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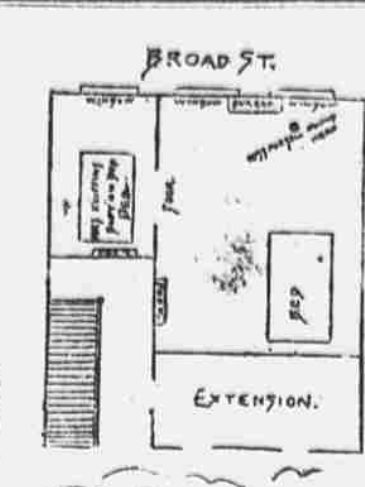
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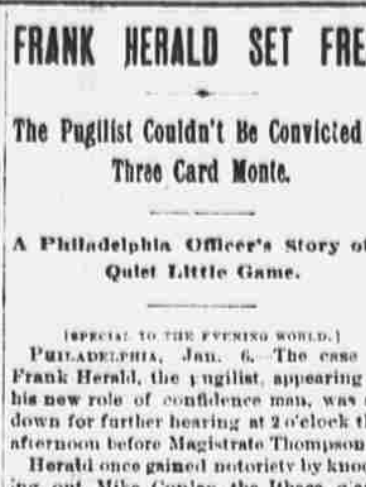
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